THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1929

This is to be a truthful james account about the Cranberry country in Pocahontas county. It is safe to say that this wilderness has in it the greatest variety of kinds both of flora and fauna of any given territory in West Virginia, for it has all that any other spot has and in addition has that part of the lost world, known as the Cranberry bog, which adds a large number of animals and plants to the list usually found in the woods. No attempt will be made to list them for that is a low down scientific trick that robs a story of all its glamour. A device that is used by inarticulate scientific men to stun the follower with weird words. It is as clubby as hitting a humble friend with a brickbat.

This bog is one of the wonders of West Virginia and is a hang over from the pliocene when the toothed birds swooped down where the wild turkey gobbles today. Several hundred acres of quaking bog that can be walked by the flatfoot homo sapiens, or the rugged black bear, but which is too soft for the hoofed deer or cow. A fine trout stream winds through it. A stream that comes into it clear as crystal and emerges muddy and stained.

It is the summer resort of all kinds of birds and nowhere in West Virginia is there anything to compare to this bird haven. There is a dyke probably across the narrow gateway that forms the exit to this broad bottom. This dyke not high enough to form a lake but of sufficient height to hold back the water shallow enough to be transformed into a bog by the growth of water plants.

What we call the Cranberry country is the country on the southwestern side of Pocahontas county, which is drained by the two main forks of Cranberry river and by the main river for several miles. These forks are known as Glady Fork and North Fork. There are a lot of side streams each draining important valleys.

The highest peak is Barlow Top, something over four thousand feet in elevation. A long flat mountain top leads down from the top of this peak to the place of the forks, the distance being about ten miles. The formation is carboniferous being just west of the place that the big lime disappears underground. The land is rich and blue grass is indigenous to the soil. The timber, the first crop of which has been cut, was of mixed hardwood and evergreen. The land is rich. One of the reasons that this section is not cleared and settled was that the growth of timber was so heavy that it discouraged the pioneer. Among the trees are black spruce, hemlock spuce, maple, birch, ash, wild cherry, lin, in fact the aristocrats of the timber of the mountains.

This woodland, is as large as an average magisterial district in West Virginia, or township, as they say in New England. When I last explored it but one family lived in this entire territory, and that in a tenant house on a grazing farm. A few hundred acres on the head of the Glady Fork have been cleared but never farmed. These acres are in beautiful blue grass sod as fine as anyone would wish to see, and show what the soil is capable of in the way of grass. This grass has wonderful fattening properties, but the danger to live stock from bears, eagles, panthers, and wild cats is a great draw back to the grazier. A little hay is raised there. Not enough to amount to any thing and at the first sign of snow the cattle and sheep are withdrawn to the winter farms in the settlements and the lonesome season sets in. The grass farms are all huddled in one corner of the vast wilderness.

North Fork is a tea colored stream and there are a number of runs that look as red as wine. This is an optical illusion caused by the tints on the stones over which the water flows. These red runs that look like a red drink from a soda fountain are clear. If the water is dipped up in a cup it will be seen to have no color. These streams are never found except in spruce forests and it is tannic acid that tints and colors the rocky bottom. Tea Creek and North Fork are the rival beauties among the streams of West Virginia. I have had for them a divided allegiance. When I was with one I was true and had no thought of the other. And that is the way that beauty affects the casual observer. Both of these streams flow through rich lands on which no man lives. In each case is to be found the unpolluted stream.

What is to be the future of this rich land? The intensive farming of the day makes it possible for the cities to obtain food and supplies so that instead of the farm lands spreading they are contracting. But some day the whole of Pocahontas county will be one great expanse of blue grass sod.

The attractions in the days of my youth offered by the Cranberry country were deer and trout, and when we went into camp there we were twelve miles as the Tug travels from the nearest habitation. From our camp one summer we heard the shots from the railroad excavations that was to result in the city of Richwood and to bring the madding crowd to Cherry river. It was an even chance that Richwood had to be located at the Forks of Cranberry instead or at the Forks of Cherry, both places being important centers of the streams on the same tract of 230,000 acres of as fine timber land ever found in the Appalachians.

Winter hung out its white flag of surrender in service trees early this year and that brings on the desire to follow a trout stream and see the fish jumping crazy for the fly. In addition to that I got a letter from the American Bar Journal asking for an article on the fishing lawyer. They called on John W. Davis for this and while he claimed to be a fishermam, he passed the opportunity, and recommended me. And that was too great an honor to be refused, so I am to write about the reactions of fishing lawyers. Though the younger generation does not know it I was a fishing fool at one time, so much so, that I was accepted by the Hammondses of Bug Run, and if that is boasting make the most of it.

That was another thing that caused me to muse on fishing and wonder why I sit supine here. There is something that keeps me away from the swirling pool. My age is not hurting me. I think it is helping me in many respects. It sanctifies a person. I believe that the depression is caused by the law that is taking so much interest in fish. We live in a day when the country people are using the law to make the city people quit drinking, and the city people are passing laws to make the country people cease from fishing, and the end is not yet.

Many of us can remember the time when the killing of a deer out of season agitated the officials of the county as little as the killing of a rattlesnake. In fact in those days any mollycoddle who would refuse to take a shot at a deer when it was fat, would not be the man that the people would delight to honor with an office.

I have gone into that country travelling light with no supplies beyond a bag of salt, and little bacon, a little bread, and a frying pan, and I have gone there as a member of a long winding pack train that would look important in the Rocky Mountains. And the object was always the same, to catch trout, to kill a deer if the Lord so willed, and to take a drink of whiskey unscared.

I remember one time the pack horse got to the forks late in the afternoon of a summer day that looked like rain. The horses were unloaded and from the orderly confusion tents were to be erected, and every thing made snug and comfortable for a lodging for the night. I did not dare to suggest that I be allowed to catch enough fish for supper while the others labored, but after a time when the tent peg answered the hammer nose, the understanding chief of the party, cocked an eye around at me and said go and get some fish for supper. It was then pretty well on to sundown, but so said so done. I had a lancewood rod and a fish basket and some flies ready in very few seconds. Maybe minutes, but I think seconds. The pack horses had hit Glady Fork about a quarter of a mile up stream and had pounded down the rest of the distance in the bed of the stream, and they had gone out the same way. These horses never tarried in those dark and gloomy woods but headed for the blue grass pasture ten miles away under Barlow Top. I followed up until I passed the place that these horses had taken to the trail that led up the mountain between the two forks. A hundred paces above was a rack heap where the muddy stream swirled and went under forming a pool or eddy. I stood on that rack heap and took out twenty-three large trout by flicking a fly with a short line on the water by the front log. The basket was heavy and it was getting late, and I had enough for supper, and so I went in to the camp.

I have written so much about the Cranberry country to this audience, that I do not dare to go into detail about many remembrances that are dear to me for fear that I will indulge in vain repetitions. It has been the dread of my life that the time was sure to come if I lived to be old that I would break up parties by telling the same tale over and over. An elderly man cannot afford to shut up like a clam and say nothing for that isolates him which is a cruel and an unusual punishment. That is one thing that makes me talk geology for it is a fruitful subject of conversation, and no living man can tell the same tale about it twice, and it is better than sitting mute and dead in company.

But I do not think that I have ever told about meeting the well known Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on Cranberry. It seems that Holmes had been so effective in London in abating all the big crooks that there was nothing but a little petit larceny for him to work on and that he came to the mountains and got a position as a game warden, and of course Watson admired to come along. Holmes would track in the woods to his heart's content, and could figure on the size of the bear by the force it took to rend the logs apart, and could follow the bear's trail, and even tell what it had for dinner.

In the camp that August were two chums from a distant city. They were known affectionately as Abey and Seedy. One morning when the party split up to cover the various fishing reaches, Abey and Seedy went up stream, the supposition being that one would take the Glady Fork and the other the North Fork. About noon they were seen to come over the bank at the head of the little bottom at the foot of which the tents were pitched and they stopped short of the tents and were engaged in an earnest conversation.

As they stood there, a tall, gaunt man with a moron by his side came up to them and they all moved to the camp. The tall stranger spoke: "Who is the autocrat of this fishing camp?" Our eyes must have unconsciously shifted for when no one answered Holmes said to the gentleman who answered that description: "No offense meant. In any community some person controls. My business here is to find who killed a deer on North Fork this morning. It is some one from this camp. The trail leads here. Who went up that stream today?"

"I did," said Abey.

"He is a liar, I was the one," said Seedy.

"Do not believe him," said Abey.

Holmes looked at their shoes. Both bought the same day from the same dealer and both hob-nailed by the same shoe cobbler. He felt their pulse, examined their teeth, and looked at their tongues. He hefted their fishing rods and examined their creels. He had them both step. He then accused Abey.

Abey confessed. Said he had killed the deer in self defense. It was about to run over him. He had done it with his little hatchet, which he had hid. He said that he intended to tell the game wardens about it after the statute of limitations had spread its healing wings.

Then as the statute provides we bought the deer for five dollars, being very much fed up on trout and craving venison, and he who hath not eaten deer meat in August, knoweth not bad from good.

Then Holmes explained. As soon as he saw the red, red trout in Abey's basket, and the dull, slate colored trout in Seedy's he knew that the bright fish came from North Fork.

It is wrong to tell a lie and it has serious consequences sometimes. Hearken to the following:

"You doubt me!" he exclaimed "Have I not told you over and over again that I love you and you only? Did I ever tell you an untruth, Katherine?"

"I would that I could have absolute faith in you," she replied, stifling a sob, "but—but I heard you tell uncle that you once caught a brook-trout that weighed three pounds and six ounces." And tears flowed down her fair young face, while he tapped the ground with his foot and solemnly gazed over the wide blue sea.

What is to become of that great rich wilderness country called Cranberry fitted to support a teeming population while in the crowded alleys, progress halts with palsied feet? The answer I did not know until the year 1939. By that time, the financial world had applied the system of mass production to farm products. They left this most important question of food to the last but when they did wake up though late they were in earnest. Food could be produced at one-tenth the cost of the old method. With their improved machinery an acre could be plowed for next to nothing. It cost the trust no more to plow an acre than one detail of overhead expense, say chewing tobacco, cost the old time farmer. All the nitrogen the trust needed they extracted from the air. It cost the old farmer more to keep fences than it did to keep his women. The modern system abolished fences. Power came from running water and coal. At twenty-five cents a bushel for wheat there was one hundred per cent profit Land produced four fold.

It was but natural that one of the modern farms of many thousand acres was the garden spot of West Virginia, the Little Levels of Pocahontas county. By that year of 1939, the trust had acquired all that acreage except one lone farm of about forty acres. It belonged to a stern man by the name of McCumber McGregor McHeath.

McHeath and his old woman and his old team of horses and his old machinery was a blot upon the landscape. But his old rifle was still well oiled and deadly, and he kept the moderns at bay. He struggled along with a cloud upon his title about as big as one farm hand in shape of a farm loan and he had a hard time to pay his taxes. The land had been won from the Indians by his forefathers, gained by the tomahawk and cleared by the axe, and old Mack swore by all that was good and bad that he would hold on until New York froze over, and he was making good.

His forty acres was a bar of rapid and easy cultivation. It cut in on the dividends. It was an eye sore. The trust had offered him a price for his lands far in excess of their value. Mack was rude in his refusal and all offers were withdrawn. Seven generation of McHeath had lived on that land for life. His wife sighed when she thought of the hardships she had endured, as she gazed out of the window into the dark night and saw her McHeath plowing with a lantern on his plow.

Then the crish came. By a new law, a district could vote to require certain landowners owning lands along a highway to pave and surface the highway through their lands and this law had been invoked in the district and an order entered to require McHeath to pave the road by his farm, and that would involve an expense of about ten thousand dollars. In default of his complying the district would pave the road, and sell his farm to pay the cost.

The old settler knew he was beaten He went to the office of the trust. He said to them to give him a thousand dollars and forty acres of land on Cranberry and to take the farm.

And so one fine spring morning, the McHeaths loaded up their plunder in the old wagon, and taking their live stock, and their rifle, and their garden seeds, headed for the wilderness where a new log cabin was ready for them, and so they started another farm in surroundings as pure and good as when the light footed Indians roamed the woods for their simple wants. In that haven of rest other souls seeking peace will find them and once more work out their salvation in sylvan retreats, with raccoon skins stretched on the walls of their houses.

This is the end of my string and I am glad of it, for no more new facts occur to me to pass on to you about this magic glade and these lovely hills and pleasant streams, and I am not allowed to wander in the realms of fancy. And believe it or not, but I lie awake at night and long for those rippling waters, and take up the burden of life again, disgusted with myself in not cutting loose and setting up a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade.

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Town and Country Property only licensed agents in the County.

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Sheriff's Sale

Mrs. Amos R. Doyle
vs
Harry Blackhurst, et al's

In the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va.

By virtue of an execution to me directed in the above cause, I have levied upon and will on the

4th day of May, 1929,

between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. at the residence and office of Dr. A. E. Burner, in the town of Durbin, West Virginia, in the County of Pocahontas and State of West Virginia proceed to sell to the highest bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

1 Erskine car, 4 beds and bedding; 3 dressers; 2 heating stoves; 1 radio; 1 dining table; 1 set of dining chairs; 1 piano; 1 cook stove; 1 parlor suite; 1 buffet and other household and kitchen furniture. Also the following office equipment: 1 safe, 1 library, 1 desk, 5 chairs, 1 operating table, and other office fixtures and equipment

Terms of Sale—CASH

S. REID MOORE, S. P. C.

R. O. Crowley, Deputy Sheriff

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Mixed colors and varietes, 5c each postage paid.

Mrs. A. H. McComb,
Huntersville, W. Va.

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As new and different now as it was when introduced

Recall the scene. A New Oakland All-American Six. Making its bow to the public. And now you see it here . . . there . . . everywhere you go. Other cars have appeared in bewildering succession. But the distinction of the All-American continues . . . unaffected. It's as new and refreshingly different today as it was when introduced. Like a good friend ...it grows on you...impressing you more favorably with every passing week. The better you know it the more you will respect the New Oakland All-American Six.

Prices $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Spring covers and Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values.

Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

WILLIAMS MOTOR COMPANY
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The New OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Our Guaranteed Paint is a combination of the best and purest materials of which Paint can be made, and for durability and covering qualities, we guarantee it superior to any made. . . .

The component parts are: the best and Purest White Lead, Oxide of Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil, Spirits of Turpentine and Turpentine Japan Dryer, tinted with the finest of Pure Colors, and ground to the proper consistency by the latest improved machinery.

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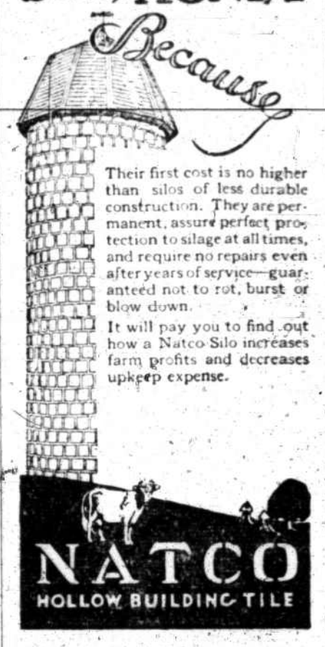

Their first cost is no higher than silos of less durable construction. They are permanent, assure perfect protection to silage at all times, and require no repairs even after years of service—guaranteed not to rot, burst or blow down.

It will pay you to find out how a Natco Silo increases farm profits and decreases upkeep expense.

H. W. HARPER
Seebert, W. Va.

SILOS

I am selling ECONOMY SILOS in Pocahontas and Randolph Counties. This silo has been tried out in this region and they are giving the best of satisfaction. They are reasonable in price. Let me talk with you.

C. C. BEALE.

Linnwood, W. Va.

Notice To Contractors

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Road Commission of West Virginia at its office in Charleston, W. Va. until ten o'clock a m. Tuesday, April 30, 1929, and said proposals will be publicly opened and read immediately thereafter, for the construction of the following sections of state road:

Projects 3235 & 141—Pocahontas County 22.8 miles of the Edray-Randolph County Line Road for Broken Stone Base. Certified check $9,000.00

(The right is reserved to divide this into sections).

Proposals will be received only upon State standard forms, in accordance with plans, specifications and estimates of quantities therefor, which forms, specifications and estimates may be obtained from the office of the Division Engineer within whose territory the proposed construction is located or from the office of the State Road Commission in Charleston, W. Va., at both of which places plans for projects may be examined.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check for the amount above noted.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

STATE ROAD COMMISSION
Of West Virginia
E. B. Carskadon, Sec.

Order of Publication

State of West Virginia.

At rules held in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the first Monday in the month of April, 1929.

Artie Marie Waugh
vs
Renick Hanson Waugh.

The object of the above entitled suit is to obtain by the plaintiff Artie Marie Waugh from the defendant Renick Hanson Waugh, a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and for general relief.

This day came the plaintiff, by her attorney and upon his motion, and it appearing from affidavit filed in this cause that the defendant Renick Hanson Waugh, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is therefore ordered that he do appear here within one month from the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste;

D. C. ADKISON, Clerk

F. R. Hill, Atty

SEWING and Remodeling Garments done.—Mrs. S. Walker, Lower Third Avenue, Marlinton, W. Va.

Commissioner's Notice

State of West Virginia
vs
40 acres of land and Frank W. Houchin and the heirs of J. L. Houchin, deceased, to-wit: Neal Houchin, Roy Houchin, and Cecil Houchin, and other heirs of J. L. Houchin.

This cause is referred to P. T. Ward, one of the Commissioners in Chancery of this Court, who will take, state and report to court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First: The location and description of the above named tract of 40 acres.

Second: Whether said land is forfeited for non-entry on the land books of Pocahontas County.

Third: The amount of taxes, interest and cost necessary to redeem the same.

Fourth: The names of the persons entitled to redeem.

Fifth: Any other matter to be specially stated deemed pertinent by the commissioner or any party in interest

But before taking said account the said commissioner shall publish and post for four successive weeks the notice required by chapter 105 of the Code of West Virginia.

P. T. WARD, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia
vs
40 acres of land, Frank W. Houchin, and the heirs of J. L. Houchin, deceased, to-wit: Neal Houchin, Roy Houchin and Cecil Houchin, and any other heirs of J. L. Houchin.

The plaintiff and each and all of the above named defendants, and all unknown heirs and claimants and owners of any part or parcel of the lands mentioned in the plaintiff's bill in the above entitled cause, will take notice, that on the

16th day of May, 1929,

at my office in the Town of Marlinton in the County of Pocahontas, I will commence the discharge of my duties under the decree of reference in the above entitled cause, a copy of which decree is published with this notice: at which time and place, you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interest you may have in the lands, or any of them, in question in this suit.

Given under my hand this 16th day of April, 1929.

P. T. WARD, Commissioner.

Horses For Sale

I have for sale at my place near Cass, good horses for sale as follows—

One 9-year old horse, 1400 pounds, broke for farm and woods.

One 3-year old horse, 1200 pounds.

One 2-year old mare, and one yearling mare colt.

Terms: Four months time, note and interest with approved security.

WARD McLAUGALIN.

Cass, W. Va.

Teams for Sale

Three young teams broke to woods, weight 1400 to 1700, well matched. Harness too.

Glen Galford,
Greenbank, W. Va.

Farm For Sale

172 acres five miles east of Dunmore. Seven room house; good barn, cellar and other out buildings. Close to school and church. Come and look it over.— Jesse Hudson.

Farm For Sale

This property lies in the western part of Greenbrier county, W. Va. It consists of 48 1-2 acres, all cleared except twelve acres of 60,000 to 70,000 feet of sawable timber. Two-story frame house, out buildings, and good orchard. $500 cash and annual payments on the remainder will be accepeted. Here is you opportunity to get a good home for a reasonale price. For further particulars write A. R. Thompson, Lewisburg, W. Va.

For Sale

Store Building

Good location; on railroad siding. Also small stock of merchandise.

Good Dwelling

Nine rooms, two baths, nice location. All priced to sell to quick buyer. R. C. MAY.

Marlinton, W. Va.

WANTED—Salesman to sell monumental work on commission basis. Address: Sears Moriument Company, 510 Virginia St., Charleston, W. Va.

MAN WANTED—To run McNess Business in Pocahontas County. $7 to $12 daily—year around work—experience unnecessary, unusual offer. Write at once. Furst & Thomas, Dept. B, Freeport, Illinois.

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Marlinton, W. Va

FRANK R. HILL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Marlinton, W. Va.

ANDREW PRICE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Marlinton, W. Va.

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Marlinton W. Va,
Shop at Campbelltown, equipped with electric power. Ready to do all kinds of blacksmithing.

Corn Planter for Sale

One horse cornplanter, Blackhawk, with fertilizer and all other attachments for sale at half price—$15.00 Nearly new. I have a two-horse planter and do not need this one.

Ward Wimer,
Millpoint, W. Va.

Turkeys for Sale

5 toms Bird Brothers Gold Bank Browns, pure bred; price $7.00. Also turkey eggs in season, price $5.00; setting eggs, White Rock $1.25 for 15, Thompson Barred Rocks, setting of 15 eggs $1.25

Mrs. A. S. Gay
R 1, Box 84 Marlinton, W. Va

NOTICE

Valuable real estate in the Town of Durbin, West Virginia, consisting of one five room bungalow dwelling house and all necessary out buildings, nearly new, and three lots. Reason for selling, my business calls me away. Any one interested, call or write, Tony Cellar, Durbin, W. Va.

For Sale

1 two bottom tractor plow, Oliver make, good as new, also 1 two-horse Branington ten disk, in good shape; 1 good Jersey cow or will trade for stock cow, also 8 Poland China pigs. Apply to S. C. Galford
Linwood, W. Va.

Dahlias for Sale

Dahlia tubers from 10c to $2.00 each. Gladiola bulbs .03c to 25c each. Write for price list.

Mrs. F. C. Nickell
Cass, W. Va.

Eggs for Hatching

S. C. W. Leghorn Tancred strain Buff Orpington Cook's stroin. 75 cents per setting at the house.

John W. Moore,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Eggs For Hatching

Rose Comb Silverlaced Wyandott Eggs $1.00 per 15, also Single Comb Rhode Island Red Eggs 75c per 15. Eggs postpaid.

JOHNIE HILL.
Lobelia, W. Va

Farm for Sale

121 acre farm situated above 4 miles from Staunton, Va., land fertile, gently rolling, all cleared except 4 acres, in woods, water pumped to house and barn, fine barn 7 room house, stables fitted for dairy.

W. F. Deekens
Staunton, Va.